

"WHERE MY HAT HANGS."

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

Copyright, 1900, by Hayden Carruth.

The hot last of July sun poured down upon the dusty road along the narrow gulch which led back among the bluffs and up to the prairie stretching away to the west. And at this time, despite the metropolitan pretensions of Hawke's Landing, with its two-story of Mississippi steamboats a day, this prairie, except for a narrow fringe along the bluff edge, was unbroken by the plow of the settler, for Minnesota was still a territory, and the civil war was a decade or more in the future.

Up the narrow trail and through the stifling dust a man was toiling. He



HE LOOKED DOWN AT THE HAT WHICH HAD FALLEN FROM HIS HEAD.

looked rough even in that wild neighborhood and impressed the beholder at first sight as being middle aged, though closer inspection gave the idea of fewer years. He carried a dilapidated black satchel, evidently nearly empty, slung over his shoulder on a bit of pine sap, apparently a piece of driftwood, but still fresh from some river saw-mill. His coat was suspended on the end of this stick beyond the valley. He wore a rather wide leather belt, and his trousers were thrust in his boots, from the top of one of which projected the handle of a dirk knife, a trussel much affected by the steamboat men and raftsmen of the time and region, ostensibly for table and other uses of domestic peace, but really for employment in public brawls when the hand of these worthy citizens was turned against their brother men. Everything, in fact, indicated that the man plodding onward was a river man on his way to the harvest fields of the cultivated strip.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached the first house, still a little below the level of the prairie. He turned up the steep incline which led from the road and dragged himself, almost staggered, toward the house. At the door he dropped his coat and bag, sat down on the lower step and rested his head in his hands. Some one was moving about inside the house, but he made no effort to open communication.

By and by a woman, thin and perhaps 50 years of age, came to the door with a dish pan in her hands. She stared slightly as she saw the figure before her, but only slightly, for figures of the character were too common.

"Well, what do you want?" she said rather sharply.

He looked up and for a moment seemed to be pulling his wits together. Then he said simply, "Work."

"Well, we want another man, but he needs to be right smart. Can you bind your station?"

"Yes—tomorrow."

"You don't 'pear as if you could today." She looked at him a moment as he sat with his head bowed. Then she said, "Have you been drinking?" He looked up quickly and for the first time gazed squarely in her eyes.

"Yes," he said. "Thought so," was the woman's comment. "Well, rest up, and when my husband comes down from the field he'll talk with you."

The man rose and looked toward the barn. "I'll just go out and camp on the hay," he said. Then he added quietly as he drew a very black horse from his pocket and laid it on the step, "I'll leave that here."

"You'd better leave your horse here, too," said the woman.

The man started slightly, then drew an empty flask from his pocket, looked at it a moment and turned and threw it down the rocky gulch.

"If you'd done that before you emptied it, you'd 'a' been better off," said the woman. He made no reply.

"You look more intelligent than most of these fellows that come along," went on the woman candidly. "Don't you know better?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you stop?"

"I can't."

"S'posed you try. If you stay here, we'll do what we can to help you."

The man looked at her, his manner showing more surprise than anything else. "Never had much help," he said slowly. "But it wouldn't do any good. It doesn't matter anyhow."

"It must to some one," returned the woman. "Haven't you got friends?"

"No."
"Where's your home?"
"Where my hat hangs."
He moved away toward the barn, and the woman returned to the house. When the husband and the other men came in at supper time, the stranger was asleep on the hay. At bedtime he was still sleeping heavily, and they did not disturb him. In the morning, early as it was, they met him coming up the rocky path from the direction of the creek, where he had made a much needed toilet. Rogers, the farmer, readily struck a bargain with him, and after breakfast he went away to the harvest field with the others. He proved an industrious workman and

staid not only through the wheat cutting, but during the stacking of the grain and while the other fall work went on, after the other hands had gone and only the farmer and his son, a lad of some 18, remained. He had said that his name was Brown. Once he was away at Hawke's Landing for three days, and on his return slept in the barn for the best part of 24 hours. It was the old saying.

October had come, and the long wheeling mules when looked down upon from the bluff edges had become like valleys of fire with the red of the maple and the orange and the glorious, flaming yellow of the trembling poplars. The thrashing of the wheat was going on everywhere. From before the sun rose in the morning until darkness came there floated from the fields the low, monotonous hum of the thrashing machines, and at night the sky glowed with reflection of the burning straw stacks. One day, somewhat earlier, perhaps in the latter part of September, a small steamboat bound north had momentarily thrust her nose into the slate colored sands of the Hawke's Landing levee. The gangplank had been hastily lowered and something carried down and left on the long wind-row of driftwood. Then the steamer backed off and, with a cloud of black smoke pouring from her chimneys, plowed away up the river. The something left on the bank of bark and chips was a sick man. He was carried to a neighboring barroom to await the return of the only doctor from a visit to the country. When he came two hours later, he said the man was near unto death with the smallpox.

This was the start—small enough—but soon the disease appeared here and there in the neighborhood and began to spread, especially among the thrashing machine crews.

One day the oldest Rogers boy, who had been away down the river a few miles with a machine, came home, complaining that he was ill. The doctor took but a moment to decide that he was suffering from the dreaded disease. Then, lightly, but firmly, the doctor said that he must be taken away, so as not to endanger the rest of the family and suggested an isolated wood-chopper's cabin, a half mile away, on the other side of the gulch.

"And some one will have to be found to take care of him," went on the doctor. His mother started to speak, to say that she would go, when Brown got up from his chair and took the sick boy's hand, at the same time saying: "I'll go, if it's agreeable to all concerned. I've had it—five years ago—down at Natchez."

In 20 minutes the doctor and the patient and the nurse rode away across the gulch and up the narrow trail to the cabin.

Many anxious days followed for the Rogers family. The doctor went every morning to visit the cabin, but so one



"WHERE MY HAT HANGS."

else approached it. He brought back the report that the boy was having a severe attack, but that Brown was proving himself a good nurse. He had cleaned away the underbrush about the cabin, so that the boy's mother could see it from an up stairs window, and he hung out one flag when the patient was better and two when he was worse, or was supposed to be, though he never got out the second flag.

At last the crisis was past, and the boy began slowly to improve. But it took a long while, and it was many days before the doctor was justified in making arrangements to remove the two in quarantine. One day he said:

"Brown, tomorrow I'm going to take you both back. Haven't told the boy's folks yet, because I want to surprise them. I'll be up about 10 o'clock."

When, the next morning, the doctor drove up the gulch, he noticed how bare the trees were becoming. Only the few cedars and spruces and the little red oaks, far up on the bluff sides, relieved the nakedness of the scene. The brook bounded down the gulch, foaming over the rocks and crossing the road in a noisy, impetuous way. It was chilly, and as he got farther up the gulch he met a few flakes of snow swirling down on the north-west wind.

"That day to being my patient down," he muttered, "but it's time he was at home. Guess the family will give him a warm reception—and Brown too."

He turned off the main road to follow the path to the cabin. Standing in the shelter of a rock was Brown.

"I was just waiting for you, doc," said the man. "I reckon I'll go along



"TELL THE FOLKS GOODBY."

down to the Landing. I s'pose it's been long enough, so that if I was going to have that there smallpox I would have it, ain't it?"

"Yes; but you said you had had it anyhow. Didn't you?"

Brown scratched a match on the rock deliberately and lit his pipe.

"I've been thinking it over, doc," he said slowly, "and I've come to the conclusion that it was something else I had—yellow fever, I believe. Tell the folks goodby." And he started down the road.

"But where are you going?" called the doctor.

"Where? Oh, anywhere. Just going—going home."

"But where's that?"

"Home? Oh—where my hat hangs!"

When Rogers reached the Landing three hours later, determined to find him and carry him home, he was told that the man he sought had taken passage on a down river steamer. This information came first hand—from the man who had helped him up the gang plank.

The Dead Sea Failing.

The Dead Sea in Palestine was formerly much larger than at present, as is shown by the old beaches stretching at various altitudes around the whole basin.

The phenomenon is not due to natural causes, but to the steadily increasing quantity of water that is taken from the Jordan river for irrigation purposes. There are other smaller streams flowing into the sea and they, too, are being utilized by the increasing number of farmers, who are diverting all the water they can get to the lands and are relieving the monotonous aspect of the former arid and lifeless region with many verdant fields.

The latest travelers say that some of the salt deposits covering the bottom of the lake may now be seen above the water in the shallower places and near the shores. This is a new aspect in addition to the deposits of salt crystals that have always been observed on the shores. But, even though this desiccation goes steadily on, it will take a long time to dry up the waters, for it requires a sounding line over 1300 feet long to touch the bottom in the deep northern part of the basin.—New York Sun.

Millions in Car Fares.

On Manhattan Island \$70,000 is spent every day in street car fares. That is a tremendous sum to be accumulated in 5 cent pieces day in and day out. But it's only a small item in the daily life of this great town. No town in the world presents such a problem in street railway transportation. Here is an island a few score rods wide and miles long, with hundreds of thousands of people living on one end of it and having business to do every day at the other end of it. Tens of thousands of workers go down to work in the early hours of the morning and go back with a rush that swamps all the roads in the late afternoon. Crosstown roads there are all the way up and down the island, but they were only as feeders for the north and south trunk lines.

But \$70,000 a day is a lot of money to be spent in 5 cent car fares. That is \$500,000 a week, and in a year it is more than \$25,000,000.—New York Sun.

A Bold Answer.

Charles XII, King of Sweden, was once fleeing near Leipzig when a peasant came past him before him to request justice from a grandeur who had carried away his family's dinner. The king ordered the soldier to appear.

"Is it true," said he, with a stern countenance, "that you have robbed this man?"

"Sire," said the soldier, "I have not done so much injustice as your majesty has done his master. You have taken from him a kingdom, and I have taken only a turkey from this fellow."

SHIPPING NEWS

Admiral Green of the Kahului navy once more proudly treads the quarter deck of his flag ship, the Moki-lana, 4 tons register, as she joyously bounds o'er the billows.

Only last week she leaned against the government road, a total wreck. A hawser was made fast to her, the other end being attached to the government wharf in Honolulu. A government "pull" was then made, but the hawser caught on Kalaupapa Point, off Molokai, and the attempt was abandoned. Then a local Captain Mahan suggested that the easiest method of floating her would be to hoist her up on the public road and trundle her back to her moorings in a wheelbarrow.

This seemed quite feasible, so a roller skid was placed under her bows and a mule was hitched to her lines and notified to "gee up". The mule bent to its task till the muscles in its hind legs stood out like whip-cords. But the proud spirited little vessel scorned to be hauled around by a two patch mule, and so she commenced to pull back. Having the advantage in the grade, she outpulled the mule and never stopped backing till she was afloat in deep water. The animal was unlatched from her and swam ashore, a wetter out a wiser mule, while the dainty but obstinate little Moki-lana leisurely drifted back to her moorings, opposite the proposed site of the new Kahului Hotel.

The ship Wachusett, out 123 days from Newcastle, N. S. W., for Kahului, and upon which 45 per cent reinsurance has been quoted, is confidently expected to reach her port of destination after all. A report has been received by her owner, W. E. Mighell, that the Wachusett was put into first-class condition before leaving Newcastle, and that she passed through a storm shortly after leaving that port, emerging with the loss of a few sails, but otherwise unharmed, according to the report made by a captain of a sailing vessel which spoke the Wachusett a few weeks ago.

Ten thousand dollars have been paid by the agents of the ship Euterpe, saved from the reef near Kahului by the tug Fearless, Captain Brokaw, to the Spreckels Tugboat Company. H. Hackfeld & Co., the vessel's agents, handed over the amount in the form of a check. The Euterpe is not leaking, and may possibly be taken to Kahului to discharge.

Vessels in Port--Kahului

Am. Sch Defender, Marsters, 24 days from S. F. with General merchandise.

Arrived

Sept. 24th. Sch. Defender, Marsters from S. F.

" 26th Str. Kahului from Honolulu.

Departed

Sept. 22nd Bk Antelope for Lady-smith B. C.

Str. Claudine for Honolulu.

Sept. 26th Str. Kahului for Hawaii ports.

Str. Lehua for Molokai ports.

Str. Claudine for Hawaii and way ports.

Projected Departures.

Sept. 20th Str. Claudine for Honolulu.

30th Sch Defender for S. F. with sugar.

Expected.

Sch A. C. Wright from S. F.

" R. R. Hind from S. F.

Bk Carrollton from Tacoma.

Sch Dora Blum from S. F.

Bk Columbia from Tacoma.

Sch Mary Dodge from Tacoma.

Sch S. T. Alexander from Tacoma.

Honolulu Postoffice Time Table.

DATE NAME FROM

" 29 Nippon Maru, S. F.

" 29 Warrimoo, Victoria

FOR

" 29 Nippon Maru, Yokohama

" 29 Warrimoo, Colonies.

Bailey's Honolulu Cyclery Co., LIMITED. Stearns Bicycles

AT \$25, \$40, \$50 Cushion Frames, \$60. 1900 Chainless \$75.00 FULLY GUARANTEED

The Milwaukee Patent Puncture Proof Tires. Sole Agency and only place where the guarantee on these tires can be filled is at:

Bailey's Honolulu Cyclery, Ltd. HONOLULU

AGENTS For the Morgan & Wright Hack Tires.

ANNOUNCEMENT! REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

For the convenience of the general public we have transferred our Remington Typewriter Department to the store of the Pacific Cycle & Manufacturing Co., Ehlers Block, Fort St.

An experienced Typewriter Repairer has full charge of this business and quotations on new Machines or estimates on repair work of any class of typewriters will be cheerfully furnished upon application at the—

PACIFIC CYCLE & MFG CO.

H. HACKFELD & CO., Ltd. Sole Dealers, REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

For the Territory of Hawaii.

Try Gruenhagen's

Chocolate Bon Bons packed in handsome boxes

This Space Reserved

You'll find them only at

H. MAY & Co., LIMITED

—Dealer in—

Grocers

HONOLULU. T. H.

The Bank of Hawaii LIMITED.

Incorporated Under the Laws of the Republic of Hawaii.

CAPITAL \$400,000.00

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

Chas. M. Cooke, President

P. C. Jones, Vice-President

C. H. Cooke, Cashier

P. C. Atherton, Assistant Cashier

Directors—Henry Waterhouse, Tom May, F. W. Macfarlane, E. D. Tenny, J. A. McCandless.

Solicits the Accounts of Firms, Corporations, Trusts, Individuals, and will promptly and carefully attend to all business connected with banking entrusted to it. Sell and Purchase Foreign Exchange, Issue Letters of Credit.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Ordinary and Term Deposits received and Interest allowed in accordance with rules and conditions printed in pass books, copies of which may be had on application. Jodd Building, Fort St., Honolulu

Pacific Cycle & Mfg. Co.

Fort Street, Honolulu

AGENTS FOR

STERLING and IVER JOHNSON

Bicycles

DEALERS IN All kind of sporting Goods

All kind of Repairs by Expert Workmen.

Honolulu

THEO H. DAVIS & Co

HONOLULU

Importers of

General Merchandise

AGENTS

For Northern Assurance Co. Canadian Australian Steamship Company